HOUSE OF M

MARVEL

69

EXILES

WORLD TOUR

HOUSE OF M

Part I of III

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THERE IS A *WAR* BEING FOUGHT RIGHT HERE IN AMERICA.

ON ONE SIDE ARE *MUTANTS*--SUPER-PEOPLE WHO MOSTLY WANT TO GET ALONG WITH THE REST OF MANKIND.

ON THE OTHER SIDE ARE *NORMAL* FOLKS TRYING EVERYTHING FROM SPECIAL LAWS TO KILLER ROBOTS TO KEEP MUTANTS IN CHECK.

THEY'RE *SCARED* OF TEENAGERS WHO CAN TOSS THEM INTO ORBIT OR MELT THEIR BRAINS--AND WHO CAN BLAME THEM? I USED TO BE AFRAID OF MUTANTS, TOO...

...AND THEN ONE DAY I FOUND OUT I *WAS* ONE.

BUT I DO NOT HAVE A *COOL* POWER, LIKE LASER-BREATH OR PERFECT HAIR. NO, I JUST TURNED INTO SOMETHING THAT WOULD PUT YOU OFF CHICKEN *FOREVER.*

NEEDLESS TO SAY, MY PARENTS WERE WORRIED. BUT THEY FOUND A *SCHOOL* IN UPSTATE NEW YORK THAT SPECIALIZES IN KIDS WITH MY "AFFLICTION."

AND THAT IS HOW I, BARNELL BOHUSK--AKA *THE BEAK*--ENDED UP AT THE XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING...

...WHERE, EVEN AMONG FREAKS, I *STILL* GOT STARED AT.

I WAS PLACED IN MISTER XORN'S *REMEDIAL* CLASS, AND I MET THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS-- *ANGEL SALVATORE.*

BEFORE LONG, ANGEL AND I HAD OUR OWN PLACE, AND SIX BEAUTIFUL *KIDS* TO RAISE.

AND THEN MY LIFE GOT *REALLY* WEIRD...

THESE STRANGERS SHOWED UP SAYING SOMETHING WAS TERRIBLY ***WRONG*** WITH THE WORLD AND THEY WERE HERE TO ***FIX*** IT.

THEY CALL THEMSELVES ***THE EXILES.***

THEY TRAVEL FROM DIMENSION TO DIMENSION, PARALLEL UNIVERSE TO PARALLEL UNIVERSE. YOU KNOW, LIKE IN THAT "SLIDERS" SHOW?

IT TURNS OUT THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF ***ALTERNATE EARTHS*** OUT THERE, WHERE, SURELY, I MUST BE BETTER LOOKING.

THE EXILES VISIT REALITIES HEADED FOR DISASTER AND STEER THEM BACK ON TRACK. USUALLY BY BEATING SOMEONE UP.

THEY SAID I HAD TO LEAVE MY FAMILY AND ***JOIN*** THEIR TEAM.

SO I SPENT THE LAST FEW MONTHS SAVING ONE MESSED-UP EARTH AFTER ANOTHER.

WE'VE FOUGHT BAD MUTANTS, AN EVIL WIZARD, A LIVING PLANET... ONE TIME WE EVEN SAVED THE WORLD WITH A CHEESE DANISH.

REALLY. I AM ***NOT*** MAKING THIS STUFF UP.

EARTH #1987

BUT THAT IS ALL OVER NOW, BECAUSE I AM *QUITTING* THIS JOB AND GOING HOME...

EARTH #616

...JUST AS SOON AS WE FIGURE OUT WHERE MY *WORLD* WENT.

EARTH #26748

SORRY, BEAK, BUT WE STILL CAN'T *TUNE IN* EARTH SIX-ONE-SIX...

...FOR SOME REASON, THE TEMPORAL SCANNERS JUST AREN'T LOCKING ON TO YOUR REALITY.

IS IT STILL *THERE*, DOCTOR HUDSON? DID THEY BLOW THEMSELVES UP WHILE I WAS AWAY...?

THE "CRYSTAL PALACE" OUTSIDE SPACE AND TIME

I CAN'T SAY FOR SURE TILL THE *TIMEBREAKERS* FINISH REPAIRING THIS PLACE--

--BUT WE'RE DEFINITELY READING *SOMETHING* THERE. IF WE HAVE TO, WE'LL 'PORT IN BLIND AND SEE FOR OURSELVES.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN WE WERE *GIVEN* ALL THE ANSWERS GOING IN?

WE *ENDED* 'EM, MORPH.

AND ONCE WE DROP OFF *CHICKEN LITTLE*, WE SHOULD KEEP RIGHT ON GOIN' TO YOUR EARTH, AND MIMIC'S, AND SO ON, TILL WE'RE *ALL* HOME.

AND *ABANDON* THE OTHER WORLDS THE TIMEBREAKERS DOOMED?

NO HARM DID WE INTEND--!

C'MON, SABRETOOTH, YOU JUST WANT *MIMIC* TO GO HOME 'CAUSE HE'S NOT *GOOD* ENOUGH FOR YOUR LITTLE GIRL.

PAL, I DON'T HAVE TO DO *NOTHIN'* TO BREAK UP THOSE TWO, CONSIDERIN' MIMIC'S *STATE* THESE DAYS...

THE INFIRMARY

DON'T WORRY, BABY, I WON'T LOOK LIKE **GROUND CHUCK** FOR MUCH LONGER.

IT'S THE **HEALING FACTOR** I MIMICKED OFF DEADPOOL. IT SAVED MY LIFE, BUT THE **SIDE EFFECTS** WON'T WIN ME ANY BEAUTY CONTESTS.

I KNOW. HEATHER SAID IT'S SOME SORT OF **AUTO-IMMUNE** RESPONSE TURNING YOUR SKIN INTO SCAR TISSUE OR SOMETHING...

WELL, ONCE I MIMIC **YOUR** MUTANT TALENT, IT'LL **DISPLACE** DEADPOOL'S, AND...

...AND...

...HOLD ON...

...WHY ISN'T THIS **WORKING...?**

WHAT DO YOU **MEAN?**

YOU KNOW HOW IN ORDER TO COPY A **NEW** POWER, I HAVE TO **GIVE UP** AN OLD ONE?

RIGHT.

AND I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO **CHOOSE** WHICH OF MY POWERS I GIVE UP.

...BUT FOR SOME REASON DEADPOOL'S LITTLE CURSE JUST WON'T **LET GO.**

MAYBE IT'S **RESISTING** MY WILL THE WAY IT WOULD FIGHT A DISEASE... I DON'T KNOW...

CAL, IF YOU'RE **STUCK** LIKE THIS...

JUST... JUST LET ME THINK THIS THROUGH.

I STILL HAVE THE **REGENERATIVE SERUM** FROM OUR LAST MISSION...

AND WHAT IF IT CLEARS UP MY SKIN, THEN DEADPOOL'S HEALING FACTOR JUST **REASSERTS** ITSELF?

WE ONLY HAVE **ONE DOSE** OF THAT STUFF. LET'S SAVE IT FOR **AFTER** I GET RID OF THE **ROOT** OF MY PROBLEM.

HEY, IF WORST COMES TO WORST, I'LL MIMIC **MORPH'S** POWER, AND JUST **SHAPESHIFT** BACK TO MY USUAL SELF.

NOT FUNNY, CAL. WE HAVE TO CURE THIS **FOR REAL.**

OKAY. SHEESH. IT DOESN'T **HURT,** Y'KNOW.

BUT...THAT'S NOT REALLY THE ISSUE, **IS** IT?

HEY, CALL ME **SHALLOW** ALL YOU WANT, BUT IF I SUDDENLY HAD **SNAKES** FOR HAIR OR SMELLED LIKE **ROTTEN MEAT,** YOU'D WANT ME CURED, TOO!

FAIR ENOUGH, CLARICE. FAIR ENOUGH.

BLINK? MIMIC? CAN YOU MEET US AT THE EXCURSION PLATFORM?

WE'LL BE RIGHT THERE, HEATHER.

BUT--

LET'S TAKE BEAK HOME. WE CAN SOLVE THIS LATER, LONG AS WE'RE **TOGETHER,** RIGHT?

...OF COURSE.

THE EXCURSION PLATFORM

I THOUGHT YOU TWO FIGURED OUT HOW TO *CLEAR UP* THIS SKIN THING.

WE HIT A *SNAG*, HEATHER. NOTHING THAT CAN'T WAIT TILL LATER.

i am not an animal!

OKAY. REMEMBER HOW WE WERE ALL TOLD WE'D BEEN *"UNHINGED FROM TIME"*?

WELL, THE TIMEBREAKERS HAVE *RE*-HINGED BEAK. HE'S BACK IN SYNC WITH HIS NATIVE REALITY AND READY TO GO HOME FOR GOOD.

BUT WE STILL CAN'T *SEE* EARTH SIX-ONE-SIX ON THE VIEW SCREENS. IT'S *THERE*, BUT SOMETHING IS PREVENTING CLEAR RECEPTION.

SO YOU'RE GOING IN BLIND. I CAN KEEP YOU FROM MATERIALIZING IN SOMETHING SOLID, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL *GREET* YOU.

WHY IS THIS PARTICULAR EARTH *ALWAYS* SUCH A PAIN IN THE BUTT?

YOU DO NOT *HAVE* TO COME--YOU HAVE ALL DONE *ENOUGH* FOR ME. BUT I CANNOT WAIT ANY LONGER, NOT KNOWING IF MY FAMILY IS SAFE.

WE'RE NOT GONNA *DUMP* YOU INTO THE GREAT UNKNOWN, BARNELL.

USE THE *TALLUS* TO CONTACT ME AS SOON AS YOU'RE THERE!

FAASSH

HAAAUGHHHH

...WORST... TELEPORT... EVER...

OOHHHH... THAT WAS... REALLY WRONG...

...LET'S... LET'S BE READY TO MOVE...

...IN CASE OUR ARRIVAL ATTRACTED...

...UNWANTED ATTENTION...?

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE *NOT* THAT OUTTA PLACE AFTER ALL.

WHAT'S WITH THE *SENTINEL* HEAD?

THERE WAS NEVER SUCH A THING IN CENTRAL PARK THAT *I* REMEMBER.

THERE WERE NOT SO MANY *MUTANTS*, EITHER. WE KEPT A LOW PROFILE.

A-HA! A *CLUE*...

THE PLAQUE SAYS THIS IS THE *HOUSE OF M TRIBUTE MEMORIAL*... THE MUTANT BLOOD LOST HERE WAS THE LAST THAT WILL EVER BE LOST IN WAR. --MAGNUS

WE'VE BEEN TO THIS REALITY *TWICE* BEFORE. NEVER HEARD OF NO "HOUSE OF M."

HEATHER, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

YEAH, SABRETOOTH, BUT I STILL CAN'T **SEE** YOU. WE'RE TRYING TO BOOST THE SIGNAL--WE'LL NEED IT TO **EXTRACT** YOU.

SOUNDS LIKE HISTORY MIGHT'VE **CHANGED** HERE SINCE YOUR LAST VISIT. CAN YOU FIGURE OUT **HOW?**

NOT YET. IF I WERE YOU, I'D DO SOME **RECON.**

TIMES SQUARE

45 MINUTES LATER...

GOING ON CONTEXT, I'D SAY "SAPIEN" IS WHAT THEY CALL **NON-MUTANTS.** AND BY THE LOOK OF THINGS, SAPIENS ARE DEFINITELY THE **MINORITY** NOW.

HOW COULD THINGS HAVE CHANGED THIS MUCH?

LOOKS AS IF **MAGNETO** IS A HEAD OF STATE--AND A PRETTY **WELL LOVED** ONE AT THAT.

BUGLE

...OM/MAGNUS TOMORROW

...MUTANT X" ...ER STRIKES AGAIN

CAN WE **PLEASE** JUST FIND OUT IF ANGEL AND THE KIDS ARE OKAY?

SENTINELS?!

SOMEBODY STILL HATES MUTANTS.

NO, WAIT...

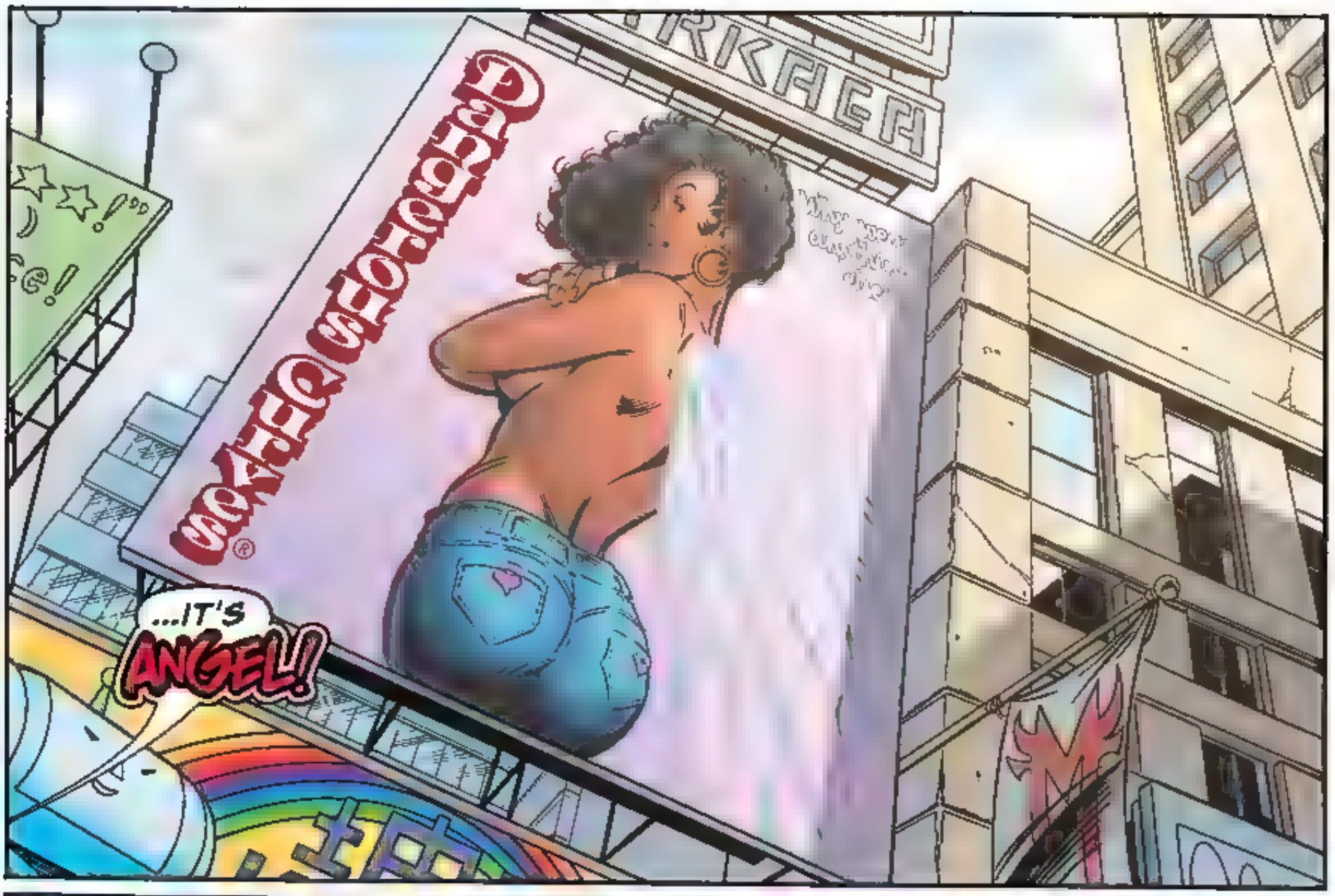
...THE CROWD'S NOT EVEN *REACTING*. LIKE THEY SEE THEM EVERY DAY...

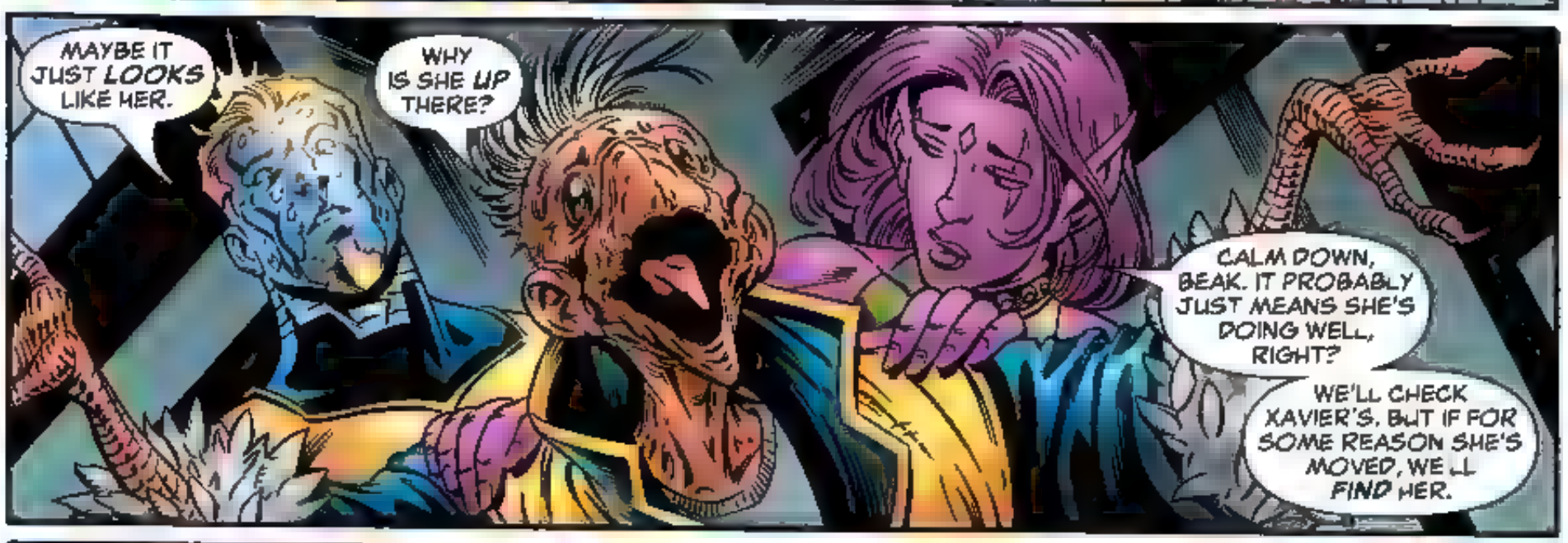
LIKE *COPS* ON PATROL.

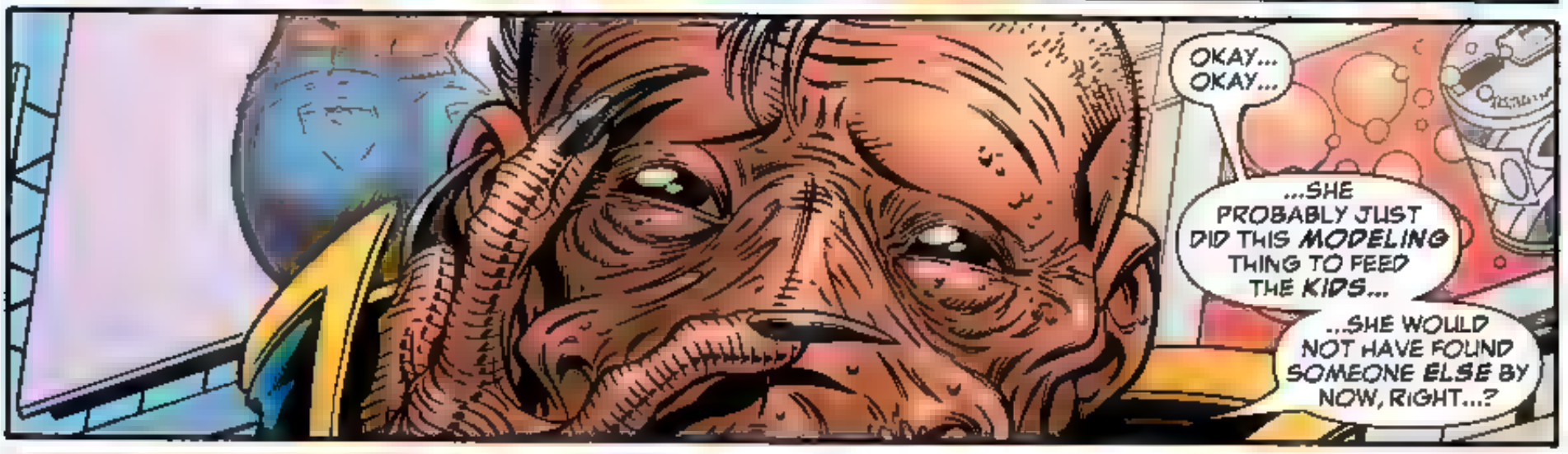
Y'THINK MAGNETO *PROGRAMMED* 'EM?

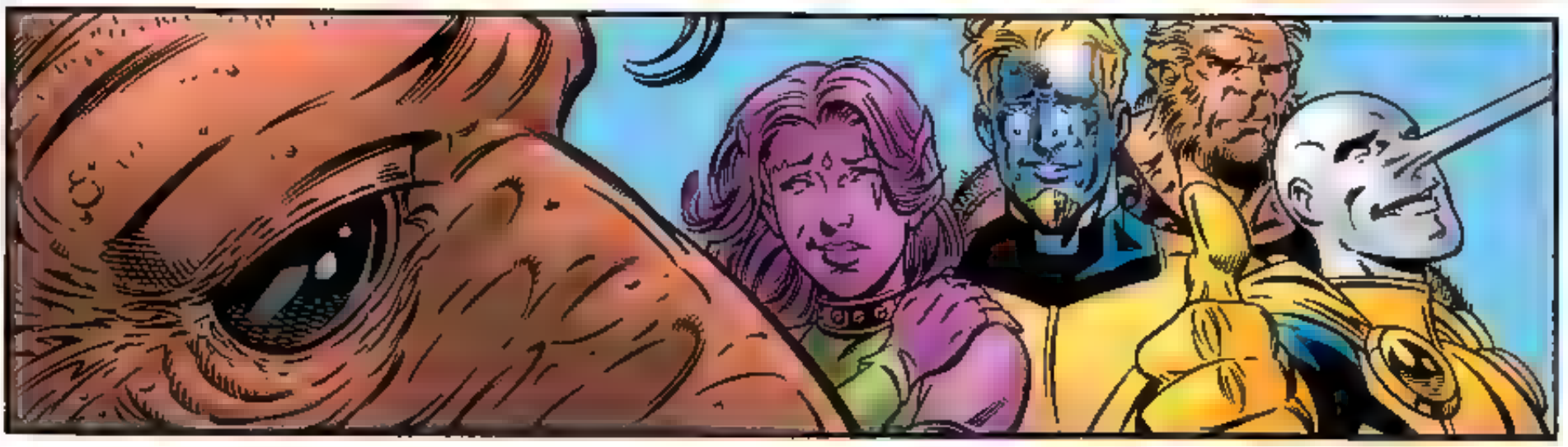
COULD THIS BE THE FIRST REALITY WE'VE VISITED THAT'S ACTUALLY BEEN *IMPROVED?*

OH, MY GAWD...!


...IT'S ANGEL!


MAYBE IT JUST LOOKS LIKE HER.
WHY IS SHE UP THERE?
CALM DOWN, BEAK. IT PROBABLY JUST MEANS SHE'S DOING WELL, RIGHT?
WE'LL CHECK XAVIER'S. BUT IF FOR SOME REASON SHE'S MOVED, WE'LL FIND HER.


OKAY... OKAY...
...SHE PROBABLY JUST DID THIS MODELING THING TO FEED THE KIDS...
...SHE WOULD NOT HAVE FOUND SOMEONE ELSE BY NOW, RIGHT...?



DOWNTOWN 11:03PM

I SAID NO SAPIENS! THIS IS A MUTANTS-ONLY CLUB.

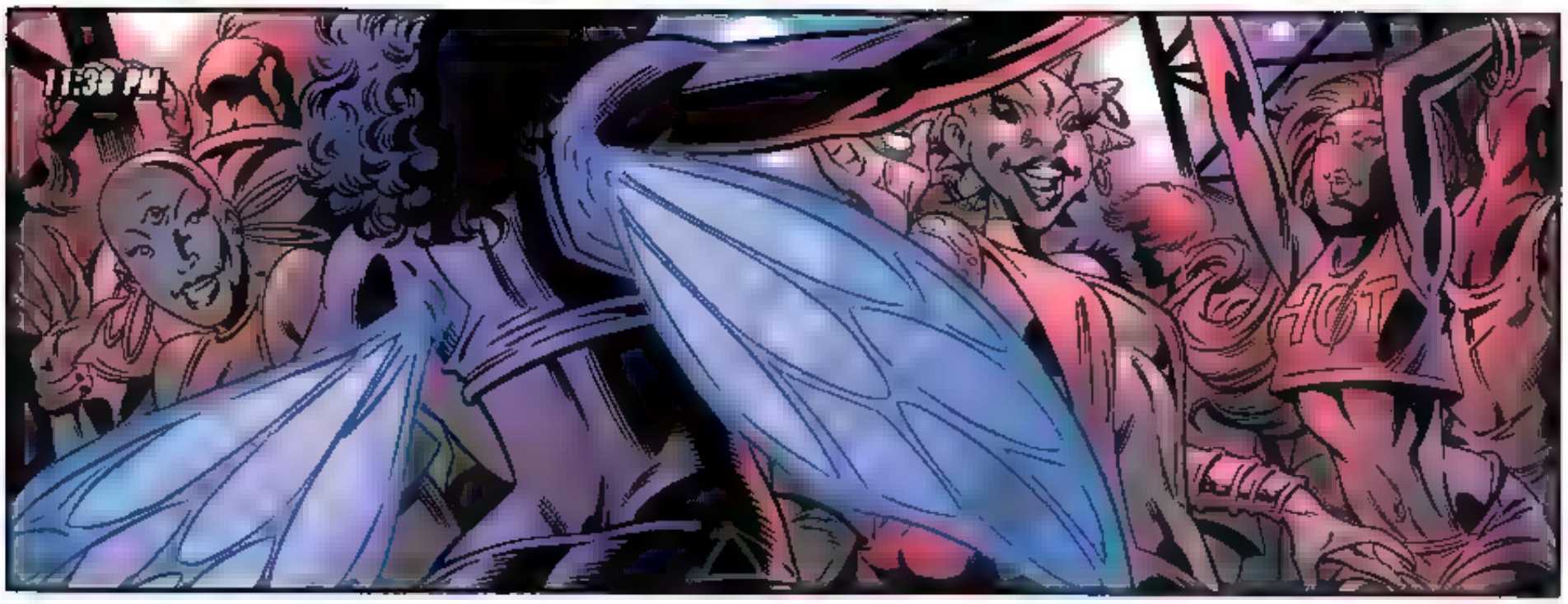
NOW BEAT FEET!

YOU GONNA SEND ME HOME, TOO, BLUNDERBUSS?

AH, HELL NO, ANGEL! FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THIS CLUB WAS BUILT FOR YOU!

SWEET-TALKER! KEEP IT UP, AN' ONE DAY I JUST MIGHT FALL FOR IT...

DON'T TEASE, ANGEL. YOU'D BREAK ALL SEVEN OF MY HEARTS!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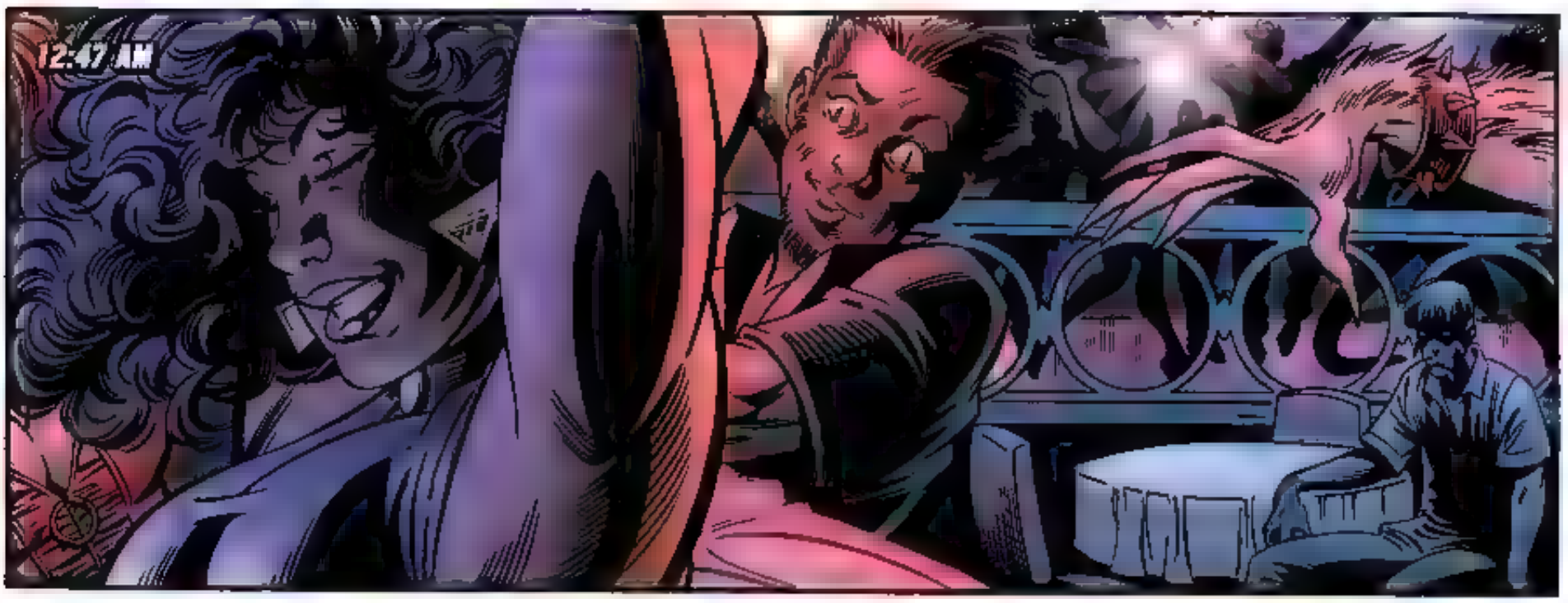
12:47 AM

2:16 AM

2:52 AM

BETTER NOT BE LOOKIN' AT NO *WANT ADS*, BLUNDERBUSS. I'LL STOP *COMIN'* IF YOU STOP WORKIN' THE DOOR.

JUST CHECKING HOW MY *STOCKS* DID, ANGEL.

YOUR *STOCKS*? MAYBE I REALLY *WILL* LET YA BUY ME DINNER SOMETIME.

YOU JUST BE *CAREFUL* WALKING HOME, GIRL!

YOU, *TOO*, PAL. STREETS AIN'T *SAFE* THESE DAYS.

AYE, THEY'RE CERTAINLY NOT.

FOLLOWING WEEKS OF DENIAL, POLICE CONFIRM THAT THE DESICCATED CORPSES TURNING UP IN MANHATTAN ARE PROBABLY THE WORK OF SCOTLAND'S INFAMOUS SERIAL-KILLER, MUTANT X."

WHAT DO THEY MEAN, *DESICCATED*...?

YOU PICKED THE **WRONG GIRL** TO MESS WITH TONIGHT, YOU ZOMBIE-LOOKIN' MOTHERLOVER...

THUMP

...OR SHOULD I CALL YOU *MUTANT X?*

SHLUP

SHWUK

CALL ME WHATEVER YE **WANT**, YE FAT BAMPOT. I DINNAE **CARE**.

AN' WHAT'RE YUIR **STUMPS** SUPPOSED TAE DO?

BOOM

BOOM

HEH.

NAE QUITE THE RESULT YUIR *EXPECTIN'?*

AN NOW FOR ME *NEXT* TRICK...

YEEEAARRGHH!

AW, NO. I'M TOO TIRED FOR THIS.

LOOK, AH...NO AUTOGRAPHS, OKAY? S'LATE AN' YOU SHOULDN' BE HANGIN' AROUND LIKE THIS ANYWAY.

ANGEL, WHAT ARE YOU *THINKING?* IT IS THREE IN THE MORNING! WHO IS WATCHING THE *KIDS?*

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TALKIN' TO? I WILL *SLAP* THE SASS RIGHT OUTTA YOUR MOUTH IF YOU DON'T DIAL IT BACK!

BUT...I SPENT *ALL DAY* LOOKING FOR YOU! WE CHECKED THE XAVIER INSTITUTE, BUT IT IS *GONE!*

WHAT *HAPPENED,* ANGEL? I NEED TO KNOW IF THE *KIDS* ARE ALL RIGHT!

WHAT KIDS?

OUR KIDS!

EW--

YOU ACTUALLY THINK I'D *EVER* KNOCK BOOTS WITH *YOU--?!*

IS THERE A *PROBLEM,* MISS SALVATORE?

YEAH, A *STALKER* PROBLEM. CALL THE *COPS* ON 'IM, WOULD YOU?

CRAZY PIGEON-HEAD...

HULLO, ANGEL.

BLUNDERBUSS?! WHAT THE DEVIL YOU *DOIN'* IN HERE?

YE'D THINK A BIG STRONG *SHELL* LIKE THIS WOULD *LAST* A WHILE, BUT HE'S ALREADY WORN THIN.

I GUESS YE JUS' NEVER KNOW WHICH ONES'LL *GIVE OUT* ON YE.

WHY YOU *TALKIN'* LIKE THAT, BLUNDERBUSS?

I *NEED* YOU, ANGEL.

HEY, YOU KNOW WE'RE JUST *FRIENDS*, RIGHT?

AYE, HE KNEW IT WELL. LOVED YOU LIKE A *SISTER*, SO HE DID.

BUT BLOONDERBUSS IS ALL *GONE* NOW. AN' IN A MINUTE, SO WILL *YEH* BE.

DEPARTMENT

LOOKS LIKE THAT DIDN'T GO SO WELL, BEAK. YOU OKAY?
WE HAVE TO FIX IT...
HUH?

WE HAVE TO FIX THE WORLD! I HAVE TO GET MY KIDS BACK!
THEY DO NOT EXIST ANYMORE! I DON'T CARE IF YOU ALL LOVE IT HERE, I WANT MY FAMILY BACK!

RECKON I'D WANT THE SAME IF I WAS IN YOUR SHOES, BUT IT MIGHT NOT BE OUR CALL TO MAKE.

I THINK WHAT HE MEANS, BARNELL, IS THAT IF THIS CHANGE IN YOUR WORLD WAS SOMEHOW MEANT TO BE, WE MAY NOT HAVE A RIGHT TO CHANGE IT BACK.
RIGHT OR WRONG, MIMIC, I AM GOING TO FIND A WAY.

WELL, WELL, WHAT HAVE WE HERE...?

I THOUGHT BECOMIN' A SUPER-MODEL WOULD BE THE HIGHLIGHT O' MY DAY, BUT *YEH* PEOPLE...

...OCH, THERE'S SOMETHIN' ***DEAD SPECIAL*** ABOUT YE, ISN'T THERE? I CAN ***TASTE*** IT FROM HERE.

AND I'LL BE HAVIN' YUIR ***SECRET***, SO I SHALL...

NEXT:
THE AWFUL TRUTH ABOUT MUTANT X!